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*And put a heart within my breast,
An evil gift, an evil guest,
To spoil me for delight?
Made for mere laughter, answer why
Must I have eyes for dool?
Take from me tears, or let me die,
For I am sick of wisdom, I,
 Dalua, the Faery fool."*

NIAM.

Mouth of the rose and hair like a cloud—
After my feet the wind grows loud :
The red East Wind whose rumor has gone
From Tir-nan-Og* to Tir-na-Tonn.†
Under my feet the windflower grows,
After my feet the shadows run,
Over my feet the long grass blows.
All things hail me and call me on
Out of the darkness into the sun,
Love and Beauty and Youth in one.

Under my feet the windflower grows.
Men called me Niam when first arose
My splendid star : but what now ye call
Me, do I heed if I hear at all ?
Look in my eyes—are they gray or blue ?
They are the eyes that the Fenians krew,
When out of the sunshine, into the shade,
I called to Oisin, and he obeyed.
Across Fionn's banner my dark hair flew,
And safe in its leash my love I drew.

I called to Oisin and he obeyed—
Out of the sunshine into the shade,
Though the words were out and the warhorns blew
And wisdom and pride my voice gainsaid.
But a hundred years, or a thousand years,
I kept my lover from hopes and fears—
In Druid dark on my arm he slept.
Shall I not keep men even as I kept ?

* The Country of Youth.

† The Land under the Sea.

'Twixt a man and his wisdom let blow my hair,
The man is beside me, and wisdom's—where ?

The Fenians died and the high Gods die,
But spring's immortal, and so am I.
I am young, I am swift, I am fair to see,
My blood is the sap running new in the tree.
Shall I not keep men even as I kept
Oisin free from his falling sept ?
Who shall deny me, or who gainsay,
For the world is beginning anew to-day ?
Youth is glad, for the world is wide ;
Tarry, O Youth ! Love is here at thy side.

The world is beginning anew to-day ;
Fire is awake in each clod of clay ;
The ragweeds know what has never been told
By the old to the young, or the young to the old.
The hawthorns tell it in broad daylight ;
The evening primrose awaits the night,
Her beautiful secret she shuts in close
Till the last late bee goes home from the rose.
And I am the secret, the flower, and the tree ;
I am Beauty ; O Youth, I have blossomed for thee.

THE WEAVER.

I weave life upwards through the grass,
I weave death downwards through the mould.
Before the ordered stars I was :
Before my eyes the flowers pass ;
The seed, the cup of living gold,
The bulb, the blossom white and cold.
All life within my hands I hold,
All death and change my fingers fold.
My looms are full, my shuttles fly,
The weaver and the weft am I.

I keep all secrets ; I disclose
Wonder of sweetness to the rose.
I fill the dandelion's stem